

# The Invitation.

Sup. 21 g. 27/21

Come my Muse, thou sweet companion of my  
Lonely hours, come, and let us range the fields,  
And taste the sweet delights of rural life.  
Now Spring her vernal charms displays,  
Now every meadow, field, and garden, blooms  
With sweet delights; what beauty is imprest  
On all? each sense with transport feels,  
The soul is struck with admiration; Wisdom,  
Power, and Munificence; in all thy works appear O God,  
Thy glory; Heaven and Earth declare  
These silent, lovely shades; (the haunt of sacred  
Contemplation,) tacitly invites us to partake  
The pleasures of retirement; here we'll attend,  
The still, the soft inspiring whispers of celestial love,  
Acquaint myself with God, and be at peace,  
But where shall I find him? He whose way is  
In the whirlwind, and in the storm; in the great  
Deep he hideth his steps, at whose rebuke,  
The mountains quake, the sea is dry, Lebanon  
With all its beauties languish,— But how shall I appear?  
How shall such a wretch, such a worm, such a sinful  
Creature, appear before him, who is of purer eyes,  
Than to behold iniquity? But O Lord! whither  
Shall I go from thy presence, thou art about my path,  
And about my bed, and spiest out all my ways.— O thou  
Eternal, everliving, everflowing fountain of love,  
Goodness, and mercy. O make me worthy to partake  
Thereof, thou great Philanthropist, and vouchsafe  
To be my guide, my counsellor, my friend.—  
Bow down thine ear, and let thy heart imbibe the  
Sacred dictates of eternal wisdom. My ways are  
Ways of pleasantness, and all my paths are peace.  
I AM the way, the truth, the light, follow me;  
I'll be thy guide, thy counsellor, and friend,  
And safe conduct thee, to the blissful regions  
Of eternal Joys.— O my soul! my Muse,  
Where shall I find words to express the heartfelt Joy  
Arising in my breast. O divine! O Heavenly consolation,  
I will retire to my chamber, my little oratory, and pour  
Out my soul to him; in grateful songs I'll celebrate  
His praise, &c.

*Psalms 19.*

*Job.  
Nabum.*

*Proverbs 22.*

*John.  
Isaiab.*

---

S A L I S B U R Y:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR; A PAUPER CORDWAINER.

# The Invitation.

O come my friends, then sweet companion of my  
 Lonely hours, come, and let us range the fields  
 And taste the sweet delights of rural life.  
 Now Spring her vernal charms displays  
 Now every meadow, hill, and garden, blooms  
 With sweet delights; what beauty is in itself  
 On all? each sense with transport glows.  
 The soul is struck with admiration; Willows,  
 Power, and Abundance; in all thy works appear O God,  
 Thy glory, Thy power and Earth declare  
 Their silent, lovely music; (the haunt of sacred  
 Contemplation) softly invites us to pause  
 The pleasures of retirement; here we will stand  
 The still, the soft inspiring whispers of celestial love  
 A quiet rest with God, and be at peace,  
 For where shall I find this life's true way is  
 In the wilderness, and in the form; in the great  
 Deep he has hid his life; or who could see  
 The mountain's peak, or its day, its season  
 With all its beauties hanging—But how shall I appear?  
 How shall I look a warrior, such a woman, such a child  
 Creation, appear before him, who is our purer eyes  
 I mean to behold in purity; But O Lord, which  
 Shall I go from thy presence, thou art about my path,  
 And about my bed, and thou art all my ways.—O then  
 Eternal, everliving, everflowing fountain of love,  
 Goodness, and mercy, O make me worthy to be made  
 Thine, O great God, all in all, and vouchsafe  
 To be my friend, my consolation, my friend.—  
 How long have I sought thee, and how long have I hid thee  
 Secret delight of eternal willows, my ways are  
 Ways of thy love, and I my ways are paths  
 I AM the way, the light, the life, follow me  
 I'll be thy guide, thy consolation, and friend  
 And this comfort thee, to the full of love  
 Of eternal love—O my soul, my friend,  
 Where shall I find words to express the heavenly joy  
 Ailing in my breast. O divine! O heavenly consolation,  
 I will come to my chamber, my little study, and pour  
 Out my soul to him, in joyful songs I'll celebrate  
 His praise, etc.

S. A. L. S. B. U. R. Y.

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, A PAINTER CORDWAINER.

